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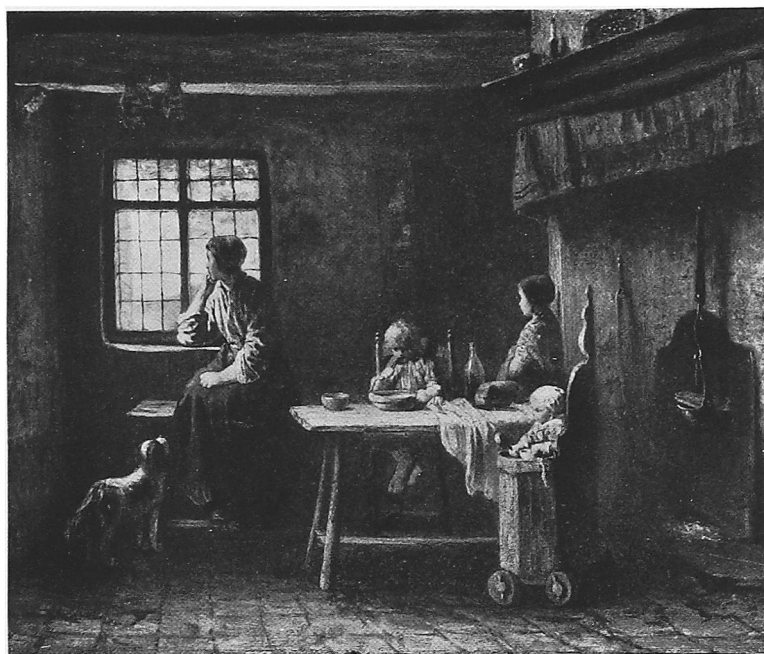
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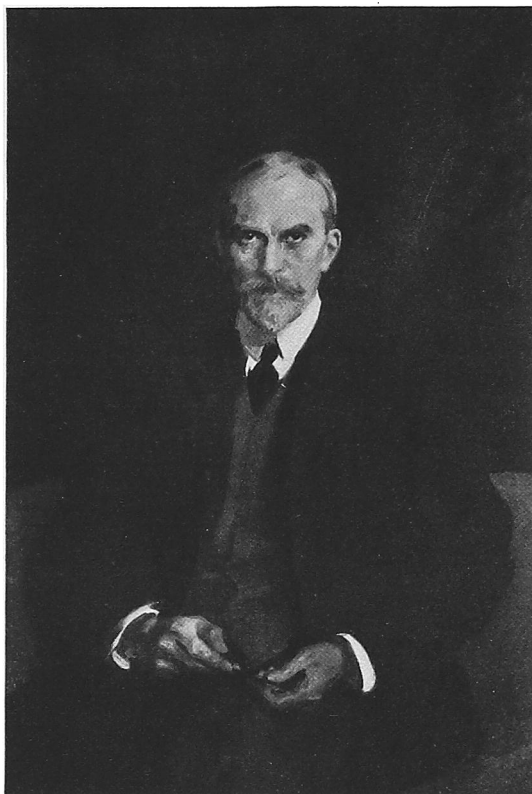


*THE ANXIOUS FAMILY*  
By Josef Israels

*Courtesy R. C. & N. M. Vose, Boston*

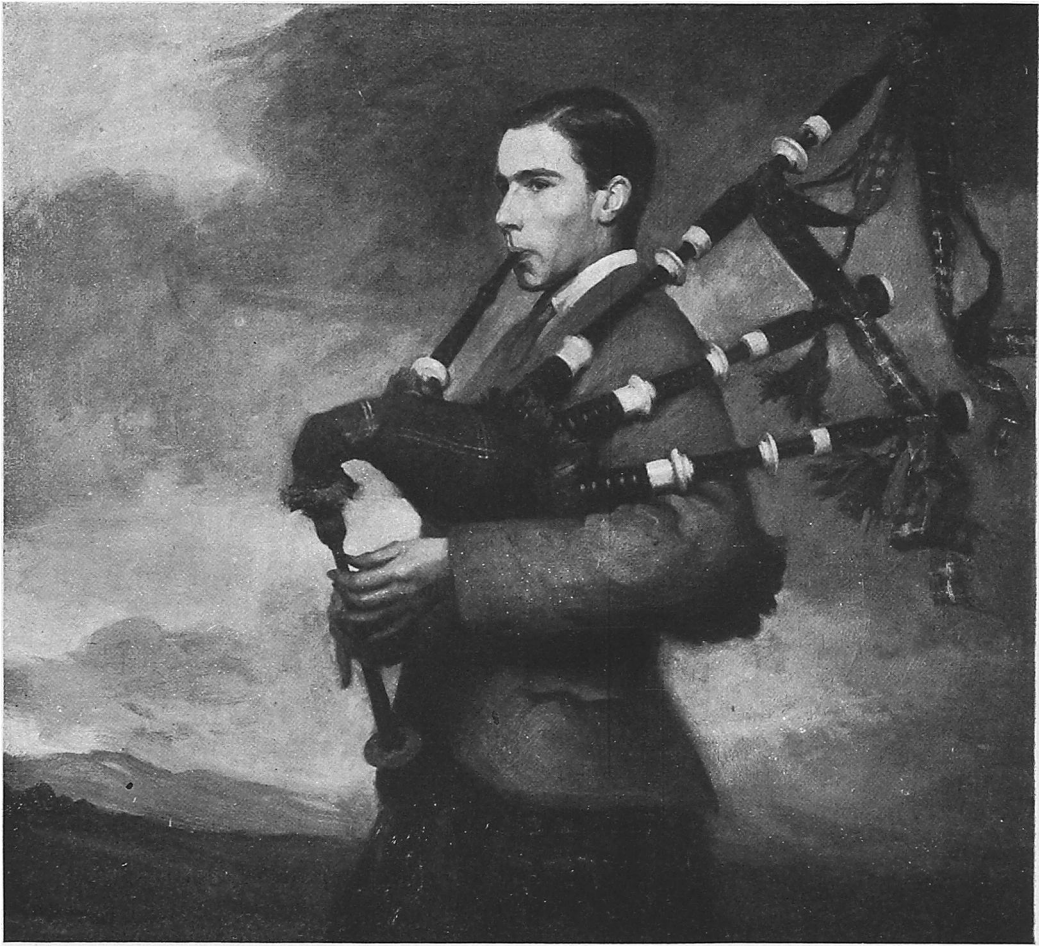
## ART GALLERY DEPARTMENT

Containing articles by America's foremost art critics on current exhibitions in the principal art museums and dealers' galleries.



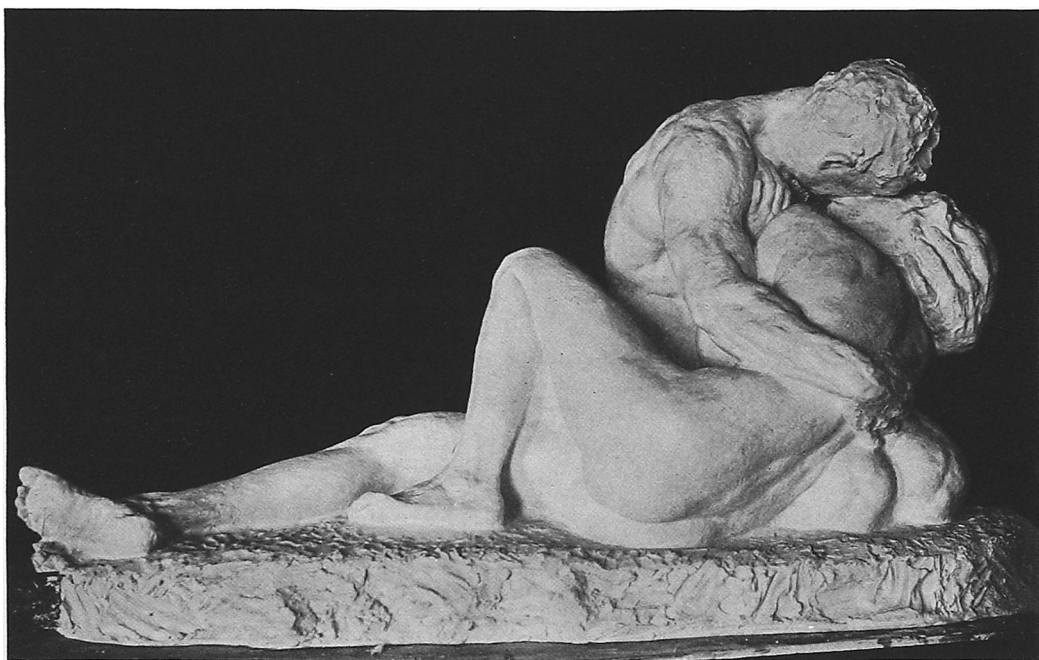
*DR. CHARLES L. DANA*  
By Cecilia Beaux

*Courtesy Knoedler Galleries, New York*



*THE YOUNG PIPER*  
By H. Harris Brown

*Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries, New York*



*THE KISS*  
By Edouardo Camilli

*Courtesy Associated Art Press*

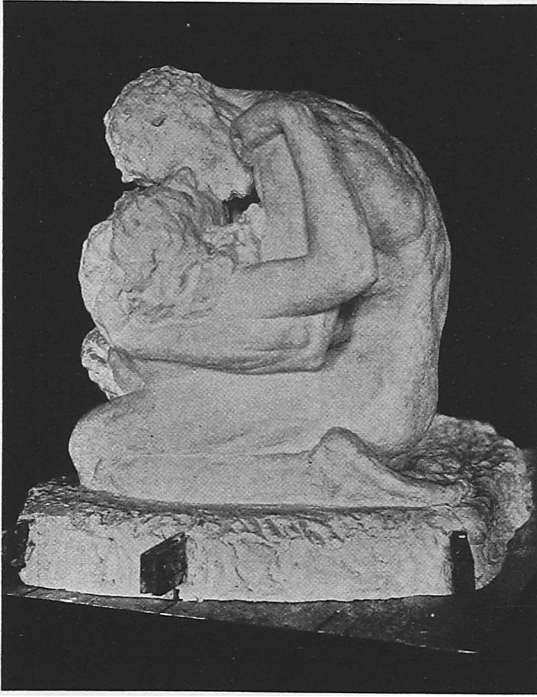
## Exhibitions at the New York Galleries

By HENRY McBRIDE  
(New York Correspondent for the FINE ARTS JOURNAL)

ONE talks of nothing but the exhibition of the new Society of Independent Artists. The "two miles of pictures," as the advertisement has it, have come in for a great deal of harsh comment upon the part of the strict academicians, and I believe I am almost alone among the New York critics in taking an indulgent attitude towards the affair. The astonishing response of the artists to this opportunity, however, is a sufficient vindication for the existence of the society, if vindication were needed, for twelve hundred of them participate with twenty-four hundred works of art. The necessity for two art societies in this country, one of which shall provide a trial ground for the new ideas in art whatever they may be, has long been perfectly clear in my mind. The most unfortunate thing that ever happened in the history of American art was the amalgamation of the Society of American Artists with the Acad-

emy, and that one political move has been the chief contributory cause to the stagnation into which American art has drifted during the past fifteen years. The politicians who will always be plentiful in any walk of life where money is to be picked up or honors to be distributed, by putting the official exhibitions of the nation in the charge of a small and bigoted set of men, put themselves in direct opposition with the new in art, seemed to fear the new in art and the young artists, and have never comprehended that the salvation of art depends upon a liberal attitude towards young geniuses. It is intolerable that such men as Arthur B. Davis and George Luks, should be denied access to great public exhibitions year after year, during the young years that are most important in the forming of their talents, and it is a situation that cannot be allowed to continue.

It is a surprise to me, though, to learn that



THE KISS  
By Edouardo Camilli

Courtesy Associated Art Press



FEDALMA  
By George Fuller, A. N. A.

Courtesy R. C. & N. M. Vose, Boston

any one of intelligence could expect that a wide-open show, to which anyone may enter, should consist exclusively of masterpieces. That seems to be the burden of the complaints against the new exhibition. "Never in the world were so many bad pictures seen in a public gallery," is the cry. I suppose that is true, but on the other hand, the many bad pictures were to be pre-supposed. These many bad pictures must be supported for the sake of the gems that may be unearthed, and in the end the bad pictures will disappear to the place that bad pictures go to, and the gems of purest ray serene will survive. The bad pictures even serve an end, during the brief period of their test, by providing butts at which the witty aim their shafts, and by giving the public a chance to laugh at art. How necessary it is for the public to have a good laugh in an art gallery at times! The psychology of that is better understood by the French, partly because they are more frank than we are, and also because they have never allowed the hypocrites to completely dominate their art affairs. One hears laughter on every side at the annual exhibitions of the Independent society in Paris, and at the same time, it is more frequented than any other exhibition, and, I have been told, more generally successful from the financial point of view.

The private view of the new society was an immense success. There was a great and picturesque crowd, comprising many of the Latin Quarter types that the war has sent to this side of the ocean, and everybody had a good time, gaping at the chic characters that seemed like figures in charades, and at the most sensational of the pictures.

These briefly, were: "The Claire Twins" by Miss Dorothy Rice, who had painted in caricaturish vein, two very fat ladies from the circus, and who further impressed the impressionable by affixing a price mark of \$5,000 to the work; "God's Girl" by George E. Lothrop, of Boston, a reclining nude figure wearing a real finger ring of sparkling brilliants and having many more actual jewels in her hair; a ridiculous marine by Miss Beatrice Wood, called "Un peu d'eau dans du Savon," with a cake of genuine soap affixed to it; and



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the "Portrait of the Princess Bonaparte" by the well known sculptor Brancusi, which appeared to have been modeled from a long necked squash, and has no tangible resemblance to any of the Bonapartes of history.

Since the private view the attendance has been disappointing, and most of those who announce that they were bored by the show, have, it appears, inspected the two miles of pictures unbuffeted by mobs, and hence have not heard any laughter at the stupid pictures to cheer them over the waste places. It is not a show that one should see alone, and that's a fact. The new idea that the committee has put in practice, of hanging the exhibits according to the alphabetical order of the contributors names has been an unfortunate mistake, as far as the public is concerned, and is the real secret why some amateurs, and some professionals for that matter, have been bored. The walls present an inextricable confusion and it is quite impossible to gauge the tendencies of the times, nor even to correctly



WOMEN AND TENTS

By Max Weber

Courtesy Montross Gallery, New York

estimate the new material that is presented for consideration. The good pictures, the serious experiments, are absolutely lost in this indiscriminate shuffle, and only the freak pictures chain the eye. The "Women in




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PHOTOGRAPHS OF PAINTINGS IN THE  
GALLERIES ON REQUEST

Tents" by Max Weber, one of the best paintings yet turned out by an American "modern," is quite eclipsed by the cake of soap picture of Miss Wood's, and so it is all along the line. The "Pont Neuf" by Signac, the head by Derain, "The Port" by DeVlaminck, the "Concert Hall Singer" by Gleizes, the "Movement, No. 7" by Hartley, and the wood carvings by Robert Laurent, are scarcely noticed by the average visitor, which is a great pity. The alphabetical system is just in theory but not in practice. It is sufficient justice to permit the new artists in the show; once in, they should be allowed to group their productions according to their sympathies or aims. If the American Independents cannot see their way clear to incorporating the group system into their exhibitions, the chances altogether are that still another society will be formed.

#### An Exhibition of Decorative Sculpture

THE Gorham Company has given its entire top floor, an extensive area, to an exhibition of decorative sculpture, and particularly garden sculpture. As usual in these galleries the installation is elaborate. The fountains, and there are many of them, spout real water, and there are banks of spring flowers and real hedges against which the sun-dials, the carven figures and the stone benches, look very well.

Everything has been supplied, in fact, except the brilliant sunshine of outdoors, or the intricacies of light and shade that fall upon the statue that is placed beneath a summer tree. Not until the decorative sculpture has been firmly placed in its actual outdoor setting, and for that matter, not until it has been rained upon for a season or two, and borrowed a mossy tinge of green from neighboring bushes, can it be really said to be functioning. What would the great gardens of England be without their sculptural decorations, or those famous ones of Italy? The Villa Lante as I recall it, seems to me to have been all sculpture, with a slight concession to nature in the way of gravel paths. I happened to visit it upon a day when Jupiter Pluvius was going strong, but the many fountains were shooting high their streams of water in rivalry with the floods that were descending

from the heavens, and I don't think I shall ever forget that aquatic combat, and the glistening lights upon the wet sculptures in the spots that were free from black fungi. The sculptures, I am sure, were not extraordinary as sculptures, but in an old garden, sculptures of the profound sort are not called for. It would be a sacrilege to permit moss to obliterate the pregnant lines from Michelangelo's chisel, but everything that seems to happen in the way of accident to garden sculptures seems to add to their effectiveness.

This particular branch of the sculptor's art, therefore, offers a field to the young sculptor that may be exploited to the double advantage of the artist and the patron. Happily Americans of means seem to be waking up to this idea, and by and by, when Father Time shall have just put the sign of his approval upon the many gardens which I hear of as being built, we shall have some poetical retreats to rival those of the old world.

Mr. Purdy of Gorham's as usual has rallied a great many sculptors into contributing to his show, and there are over two hundred and fifty pieces in the exhibition. The most individual stylist among the sculptors is Florence Lucius, who, I have been told, studied with the famous Bourdelle of Paris. Her sundial figure contains excellent modeling. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney also contributes an unusual work, a tall, slender, feminine figure in Chinese robes, standing upon a typically buddhistic pedestal of lotus leaves.

The work of an eminent Italian sculptor, Edoardo Cammilli, is shown at this exhibition for the first time to the American public. Mr. Cammilli, who recently came to this country at the solicitation of Mr. John L. McBride, of the Carrara Studios, has opened a studio here, and "The Kiss," which is now shown, is the first work he has done in New York. It is a striking work, full of truth and beauty, and will lead American art lovers to expect much of Mr. Cammilli in future. It has been accorded the place of honor in the exhibition, at the end of a vista flanked by playing fountains and smiling flowers—an atmosphere appropriate to the springtime spirit of "The Kiss." It is a life size group, in the nude; a

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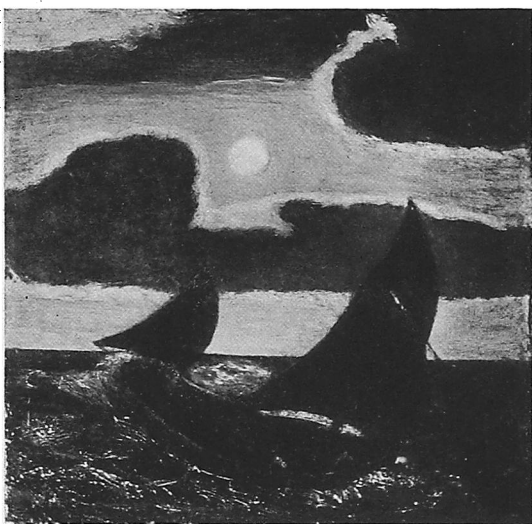
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**MOONLIGHT—MARINE**

By A. P. Ryder

*Courtesy Montross Gallery, New York*

man, young and strong, is kneeling and resting softly on his knees is the body of a young woman who for the first time yields her lips to him. Her instinctive struggle is portrayed, to-

gether with the love of the man, who, despite his strength, displays no brutality. The work is a pure idyl of love and spring. There is harmony of line as well as beauty of conception, and also a strength and mastery of modeling that leads the beholder to want to see more of Mr. Cammilleri's work.

**The Death of Albert P. Ryder**

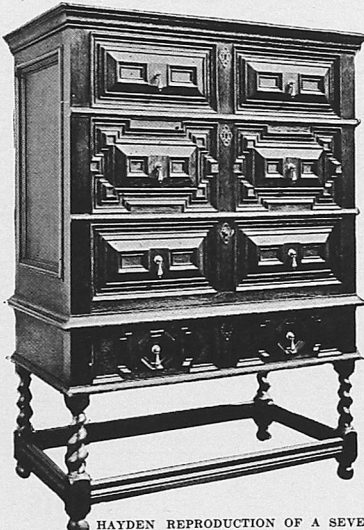
THE death of Albert P. Ryder has passed with comparatively little comment from the press, and this is perhaps not to be wondered at, since the artist had lived in secluded fashion for many years and his greatest canvases, scattered to collections in Portland, Oregon, and Montreal, Canada, were inaccessible to the public. It is almost a foregone conclusion, though, that a retrospective exhibition of his work will be attempted for next year, and then the public will have an opportunity to gauge his very great talents.

In the meantime, one of two fine pictures by him are to be seen in the collection just placed on view by the Montross Galleries.

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## THE HAYDEN COMPANY

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*New York*



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The large "Macbeth and the Witches" has been loaned by A. T. Sanden, Esq., which is full of the weirdness of Shakespeare's scene; and even more representative is a tiny moonlight marine into which Ryder has compressed all the terrors and loneliness of the great ocean. One or two writers, in the effort to explain the undoubted impression that this artist makes upon the beholder, speak of Ryder's fine daughtsmanship, which is absurd. Ryder could not draw, and for that matter could scarcely paint, but his spiritual and emotional strength was so great that it surmounted all limitations of technique. In the same exhibition is seen the "Peg Rafferty—Dancer," by Robert Henri, which is as far removed from Ryder's world as fact is removed from fancy. I hasten to explain that Miss Rafferty is the fact, in this metaphor. She is said to be one of the "Hawaiian" dancers, now so much in vogue, and Mr. Henri has posed her upon a divan in his studio, with more evident effort to compose an exhibition

picture than he has displayed for some time. The brush work is bold and dashing.

The Knoedler Galleries are displaying the latest portraits by Miss Cecilia Beaux, and it can be seen that, as time passes, her style loses nothing, and may even be said to gain. Certainly Miss Beaux has enriched her palette. The portrait of "Mrs. Thomas Cooke" is an especial success, and other likenesses, all achieved with great ease and naturalness, are of Miss Flora Whitney, Mrs. Albert Beveridge, Dr. Charles L. Dana (illustrated), and Robert W. De Forest.

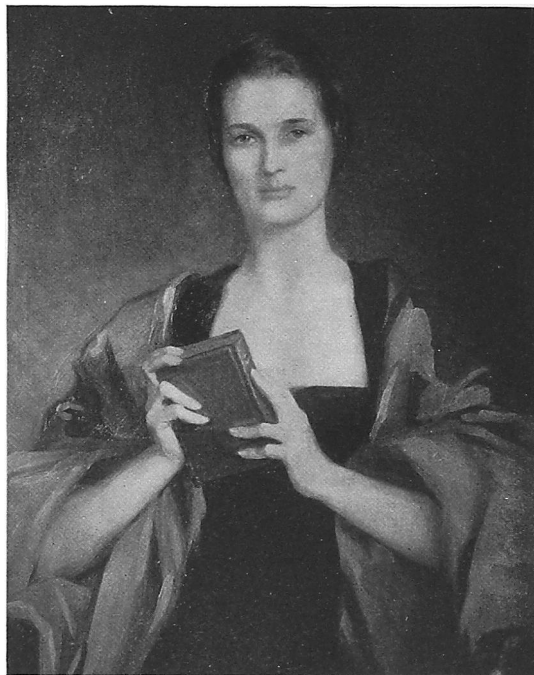
#### H. Harris Brown of London

IT is possibly owing to the war conditions abroad that we owe the visit to New York of H. Harris Brown, of London, who is showing a collection of portraits in the Reinhardt Galleries. Mr. Brown is a pupil of Tony-Fleury, (who will be remembered by all the readers of the diary of Mlle. Bashkirtseff), and of Bouguereau. To have been a pupil of

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these two, is to admit of a touch of the formality that is academic. A Jean Francois Millet or a Rossetti who might have started to train with Bouguereau would either have promptly quitted the atelier or would have been dismissed with contumely, for startlingly original talents were scarcely apt to flourish under the tutelage of Bouguereau. Mr. Brown, however, must have stuck it out to the end, for there are Bouguereau touches discernible even in the portraits now at Reinhardt's. He exhibited for years at the Royal Academy in London and also at the New Gallery where he must have often come into rivalry with our Mr. Sargent. Mr. Brown is a friend of Sargent's, and there are influences of his style in Mr. Brown's canvasses.

While Mr. Brown's talent is not the sort to make him the head of a distinct school nor of the sort to induce passionate discussion, it is nevertheless sufficient to give him a rating among the prominent portraitists of the day. He is a conscientious workman who does not slight his tasks, and when he happens to find



MRS. G. ALLEN PEABODY  
By H. Harris Brown

*Courtesy Reinhardt Galleries, New York*

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a sitter with whom he is in sympathy, he paints enthusiastically. The most important of his canvases is a full length of little Miss Lister, Lord Ribblesdale's daughter, painted, if one may judge by the style of the work and by the tone of the canvas, many years ago. The little girl is clad in a red riding habit and stands beside her pony, and while it cannot truthfully be said to match in ease of style, the equestrian portraits of Van Dyck, Velasquez and other masters, the picture is none the less a pleasing work, and one that would appeal strongly to the relatives of little girl, whose wistfulness and old-world simplicity have been well caught by the artist.

Of the recent portraits, the best, by far, is that of Sir George Askwith, the chief Industrial Commissioner of Great Britain since 1911. Sir George is shown at his desk, with a picturesque debris of blue books and other war literature scattered upon it. He is the type that England is most proud of, combining capability with modesty, and the artist has painted him honestly and simply. Other

portraits in the exhibition are those of Mrs. Henry Blossom, Mrs. William Henry Barnum, Mrs. William S. McCormick, Edward Ryerson, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Otto T. Bannard, Jan de Chelminski, and Mrs. G. Allen Peabody—(subject of illustration).

**R.** C. & N. M. VOSE, of Boston, have recently sold a famous painting by Josef Israels, "The Anxious Family," to the Worcester Art Museum. Few of Israels pictures are more beautiful or better known than this splendid interior. This picture and another equally important work, entitled "Meditation," were centre pieces in a recent exhibition of modern Dutch paintings held in Boston. Another very important work from this gallery, which we are reproducing this month, is by the late George Fuller, entitled "Fedalma." Fuller's works are extremely rare, perhaps the rarest of those of any of the great American artists. They are also very desirable as is evidenced by the fact that this canvas was sold the opening day of a recent exhibition of the works of this artist.